NOVEMBER 1976

youth MAGAZINE

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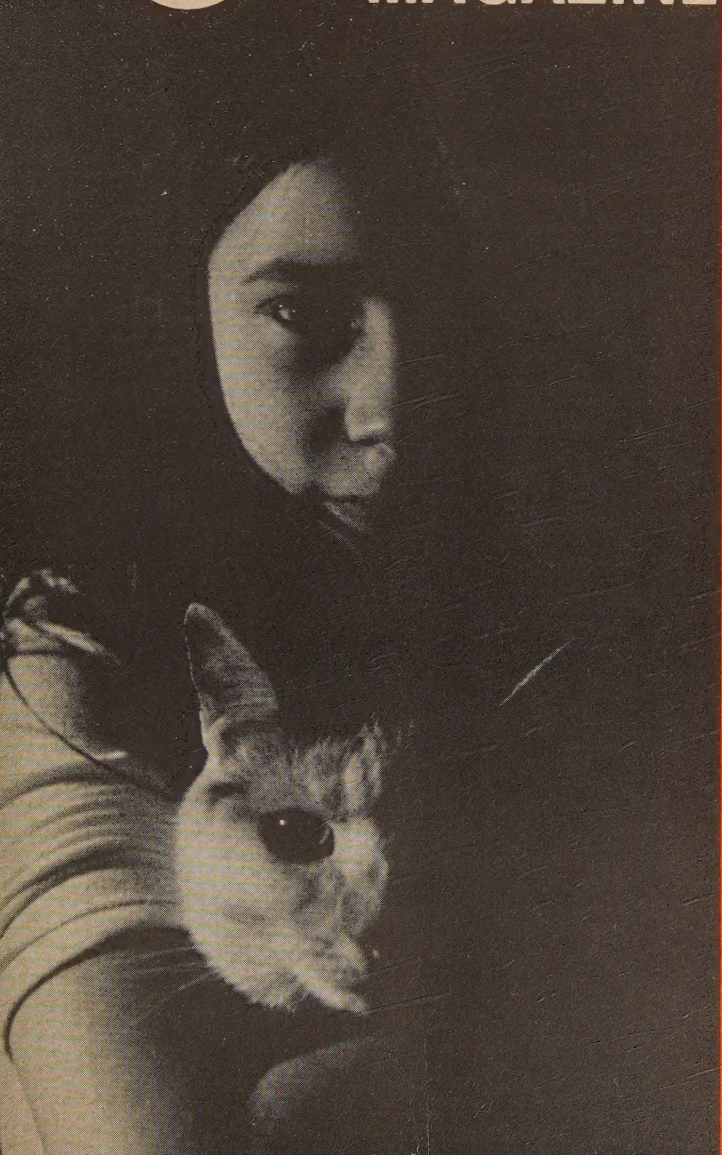

youth magazine

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1976 AWARDS

You've done it again! What fil these pages are works of art, creative writing, photographs and more—all by talented you people who entered the 1976 Creative Arts Awards. Judging never an easy process, and wh some 2500 entries pile up to b evaluated, it's quite a challeng Needless to say, many excellent submissions cannot included simply because of sp considerations.

We hope you'll agree, howev that the 57 winning entries ar outstanding examples of perception, sensitivity, thoughtfulness, and sometime humor, too. Many of our semi finalists thanked us for maki this opportunity available to them. To them and all of you, say thank you! We couldn't d without you. It's your issue—enjoy!

FRONT COVER
LAURA
PHOTOGRAPH
JOHN W. HOOPES II

TITLED
DRAWING
ENISE OSWALT

ETIC CRISIS
IC MEYER

ile writing a poem,
t said to me, "you
ldle with words
the musician with
rings, yet you seem
t to hit what you're
ying to sting."
sn't so easy, said I in return.

If you're so quick
And nimble and clever,
Then poems you
Should write forever
And ever. To compose a
Good piece you
Must know the basics,
And add to them the
Skills learned in class;
Only then can you pass
The poetic test for building
Mosaics.

So the cat started playing
With words until
Fifteen minutes had
Passed us both by.
He showed me his
Work with
Such tender love
I started to cry.
It was then
That I found out
All of those years
I had spent working
The poem
With much shedding of
Tears, was not
Worth the effort.
The cat's
Ability to perceive
And transcribe
Had outdone my
Techniques I had
Learned with such
Hope, and taught
Me more than any
Teacher had done,
For now I knew
To compose a good
Piece, first must come fun.

A SINGULAR EXISTENCE
MIKE MORRISON

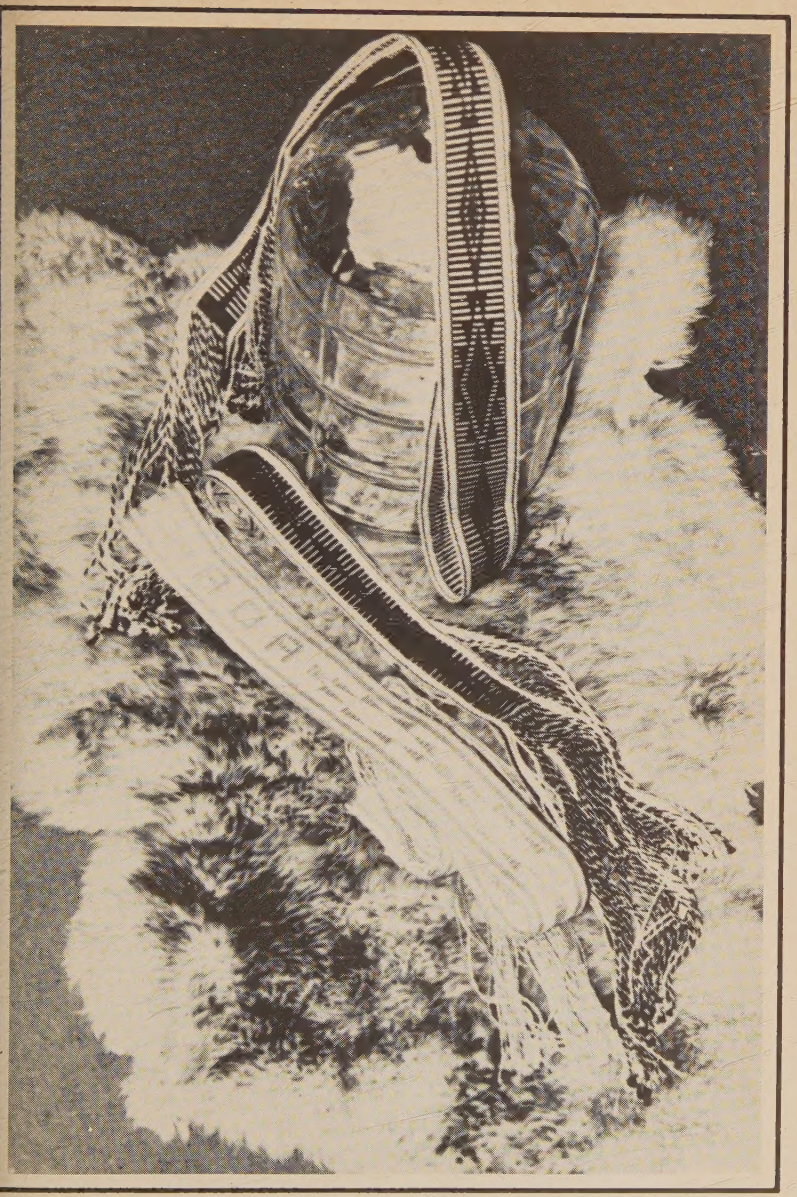
chipped enamel coffee mugs
tarnished golden candlesticks
medals from some war he's won
and lazy dogs that don't do tricks
these are things he'll give to you
to stay with him for all your life
is that all life means to you
to be his lawful wedded wife

needlepoint embroidery
stale and dusty plastic blooms
and replicas within his house
of Better Homes and Gardens rooms
these are things to him you'll give
for the paycheck he brings home
is this how you choose to live
like all others you have known

guess I'll be alone a while
wrapped up in my own lifestyle
a singular existence mine
I guess I'll be alone in time

homemade wine in gallon jars
tapestries I weave myself
canvas boards and tubes of paint
and longstem roses on my shelf
this is all I have to give
and no one there to give it to
all my life alone I'll live
but no more than the others do

THREE NAVAHO SASH
WOVEN CORD
ADA JAMES



WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING
PENCIL DRAWING
JILL M. WALZ

THE PICK-UP
JULIE CONDON

I knew that Tuesday wasn't going to be a good day the minute I woke up. Mother was yelling, 'Are you almost ready for school, Casey? Your breakfast is on the table, and the bus gets here in just a few minutes." Seven minutes to be exact. I staggered on chewing a piece of lukewarm toast and wondering how I had managed to put on two different kinds of shoes. I was still chewing when I reached first period Latin to be greeted with, "Take out half a sheet of clean paper. We're having a little quiz on last night's reading." I swallowed quickly, thinking, "Reading? What reading? I want to go back to bed."

Then, just to make bad matters worse, I began to feel ugly. You see, I belong to a branch of the 'you are what you eat' group whose motto is 'you are what you feel.' It works something like this. When you feel pretty, you look pretty; when you feel ugly, it's seven years bad luck to go near a mirror. Well, by Tuesday afternoon, sixth period, I was just waiting for someone to scream.

That's when Gwen decided to take me shopping. Gwen Howder is my best friend, and she's very nice once you get over her initial good looks. She has gorgeous brown eyes and enough blonde curls and dimples to shame Shirley Temple. Gwen, being one of the more affluent members of my high school, also has this strange theory that blowing a bundle on a shopping spree will cure anything. Apparently, it is especially effective against depression because when I told her how repulsive I felt, she said "Nonsense, Casey. You don't look in the least bit hideous," and dragged me off to the store. I tried to tell her that exposing me to the outside world could cause mass panic and rioting in the streets, but stopping Gwen once she has an idea in her head is like trying to stop a blonde-haired, brown-eyed tank.

Needless to say, I spent the next hour fending off helpful sales clerks who all suggested that I try the lost and found; watching Gwen look beautiful in everything she tried on; and seriously considering homicide, suicide, or a combination of the two. I finally told Gwen that I

TAMI
PHOTOGRAPH
BRENT MARKLEY

was going to look for a dustjacket and fled to our local bookstore before she realized what I meant.

Our town is fairly small, and we actually have a corner bookstore. It is a very homey affair. Everything is faintly dusty, including the cashier, and smells inky and bookish. All the books are arranged in bookshelves along the aisles and walls by category. Romance, mystery, sports and so on. I walked in and headed for the humor section, wondering if it was possible to file myself away with the party jokes.

And that's when I saw him; five foot nine inches of muscles, topped by curly black hair and brown eyes, and wearing a 'Virginia is for lovers' T-shirt. I drooled.

Actually, that's a rather misleading statement. It makes it sound as though I took one look and, somewhere in the background, violins started to play. The truth is, I was walking in and he was walking out. I saw him, mentally registered 'Wow!', and walked by. I didn't even drool. My mouth just watered a little. I forgot about him almost immediately.

Once I got to the humor section, I knelt down under the sign which said, 'Do Not Read Comics,' and pulled one off of the stand. What that musty old cashier didn't know, wasn't going to hurt him.

I have a confession to make here. I am probably the only person in my school who still reads Spiderman comics. This is embarrassing when you are 17 years old and are supposed to have outgrown them roughly about the time you gave up bobby-socks. That's why, when I heard a noise in the next aisle, I quickly put Spidey away. When I saw who it was, I also became quickly suspicious. Mr. Gorgeous was back, curly hair, T-shirt, and all. . . . and he was standing in the children's section, gazing earnestly at *Mr. Popper's Penguins*. As I said before, that's when I started to get suspicious. With looks like his, Mr. Gorgeous didn't have to be any great genuis, and *Mr. Popper's Penguins* is a very good book, but I had read it in the fourth grade, and he probably had too.

Then a wild idea popped into my head. Was he following me?

An even wilder one popped in. Yes. Anyway, it couldn't hurt to find out, could it? Putting on my very best, 'I don't see you, and wouldn't care if I did' look, I casually wandered over to the cooking section and began to browse through some of *Helouise's Helpful Hints*. Unfortunately, how to tell if you are being followed was not among them. Fortunately, it didn't matter because just then he came over and started looking through a book of *Chinese Cookery*. And you can bet your egg roll that he didn't know one end of a chop stick from the other.

I decided to further test my theory. I was still feeling pretty hideous and I needed a lot more

than circumstantial evidence to believe that anyone of the opposite sex could be following me. So we began to play an old favorite of mine—follow the leader. I wandered through psychology, art, romance, mystery, science fiction, animals, medicine, poetry, history, and biography. (Our cashier may be very dusty, but he is also very organized.) Mr. Gorgeous also wandered through psychology, art, romance, mystery, science fiction, animals, medicine, poetry, history, and biography. If I hadn't been in a state of mass shock, I would have laughed. (Probably hysterically.) He clearly thought that I was personally going to inspect every book in the store.

Finally, I led him back to humor, and casually picked up a book, trying to look absorbed. Unfortunately, it was a book of *Playboy* party jokes.

"It is a good book, non?"

Mr. Gorgeous was French! No, that wasn't quite right. Mr. Gorgeous was French with a very noticeable Texas drawl. Something funny was going on.

He kept looking at me, and it dawned on me that he expected a reply, so I said, "Huh?"

"It is a good book, non?"

I couldn't think of an answer. I was still in something of a shock state because he had (1) followed me around the bookstore, and (2) was now trying to strike up an aquaintance, as my mother would say. Fortunately, when my mind goes, my mouth can always be counted on to carry on.

"Non . . . I mean yes. All the be joke writers come from *Playbo* My father swears to it."

I briefly noticed that my hanc were blushing. I didn't even wa to think about what my face wa doing.

"Comment t'appelle-tu?" H asked.

"It's Stacy, uh, I mean Case Yes, it's definitely Casey."

He smiled and looked incred bly gorgeous.

"Ah, so you parlez francais?"

"Mais oui, monsieur. La plum de ma tante est sur le chien," breezily rattled off.

"The pen of your aunt is on th dog?"

"Forget it."

"My name is Jacques."

It figured. I didn't ask what h last name was. I was afraid th he'd break into a chorus of th Marseilles.

"What school do you go t Mademoiselle Casey?"

"Calverton High."

"I attend King."

"That's nice." I was becomin more articulate by the minute. I' sure he was beginning to wond if I could string three reasonab intelligent words together at th same time.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Tres bon! You are just tw years younger than am I." H

TELEPHONE BOOTH
PHOTOGRAPH
NANCY MORITA

@inhome

looked very happy about it.

"Oh," I said. By this time, I couldn't decide whether to run, drop dead from embarrassment, or present him with a complete biography. As it turned out, I didn't have to do any of those things because just about then, he stopped asking questions. I don't blame him; I hadn't exactly been overwhelming him with brilliant conversation. With conversation of any type, for that matter, but it did get rather uncomfortable with neither of us talking. We just stood there for a while, looking at the bookshelf. It contained 47 books, not including the one in my hand; was painted a rather revolting shade of vermillion; and had 157 little cracks in it at first count, 158 at second. I was counting a third time when he let me have it.

"Mademoiselle Casey, would you like to do something sometime?"

I heard him the first time, but just to make sure I said, "What?"

"Would you like to do something sometime? Perhaps we could go out or something."

That's what I thought he'd said. Now comes the good part. This is where I told him that I'm not that type of girl.

"I'd love to."

"Good."

"But I don't think I can."

"Mais, pourquoi?"

"I don't think my mother would let me."

"Doesn't she let you date?"

I wasn't about to tell him that the subject had never come up and my mother was getting desperate that she'd pay for t evening if someone would ask

"Of course she lets me date. I just that I don't think I know y quite well enough for her to let go out with you."

He grinned slyly. "Y wouldn't have to tell her."

The old, 'what she does know, won't hurt her' ploy, he It was disappointing. Surely could have come up with a bet line than that.

"She'd find out. My brother h a tendency to have seizures and he had one while I was gone, sh be upset. And when she's ups she gets vicious. I have sca where you wouldn't believe."

"Oh."

"Besides," I continued, ju warming up, "My father does trust me. He has me follow everywhere. Do you see that m over there?" I pointed to t cashier, who seemed to be slee ing. "Don't be deceived by looks. He's one of the best tails the business. And utterly ru less. So you see," I conclud "I'm only thinking of your safe when I say that I can't go out w you."

"Then the answer is non?"

"Yes."

He started to wander away, b I stopped him

"Hey, Jacques. Just out curiosity, how long have y been in this country?"

He looked very embarrass "Nineteen years."

"Have you lived around h long?"

GO
PHOTOGRAPH
ALAN PERKINS

"No, I'm from Texas."

Aha!

"Then where'd you get the French accent?"

"My mother's French. I picked up what I know from her."

"And your father?"

"He's a mechanic from Houston."

"Then why the accent?"

"Most girls really go for it. They think it's romantic."

I wasn't about to tell him that when you looked as good as he did, it wasn't necessary to *sound* romantic.

"May I make a suggestion, Jacques?"

"Call me Jack."

"In the future, Jack, I'd practice up on that Southern drawl. Girls like that even better. And if you need any extra help, tell them that you're from Texas and your father is in oil. You wouldn't be lying and the only thing girls like better than a Southern accent is a wealthy boyfriend."

He smiled. I wished he'd stop it. It was very distracting.

"Sounds good, Casey. I'm sorry you couldn't go out. It would have been fun." Then he disappeared into the sports section.

I wandered over to science fiction and glared at *The Monster from Planet X*. My mind kept saying that I'd done the right thing in turning him down, but the rest of me thought I was crazy.

"Hey, Casey."

He was back! My stomach did a funny sort of flip. It was most uncomfortable.

"What?"

"Can I have your telephone number?"

"Sure. It's 937-4362."

"I'll call you."

"I bet."

"You just wait. I really will." This time he left for good, stepping very gingerly around the cashier.

I decided that I had better be getting back to Gwen before she went crazy and bought out the store. It was funny, but somehow I didn't feel ugly anymore. □

LOOKS NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THIN
PENCIL DRAWING
ANGELA JO MCGILL

DECEMBER MORNING IN THE COUNTRY
SHIMMER CHINODYA

Four in the morning
Cowbells clanking at the kraals of logs
The thud of hooves of oxen trampling the moist cowdung
And the wooden yokes and the iron ploughs
And the call of the night bird
And the shouts of the boys
And the bustle in the dark
Ten o'clock
Moist-crisp brown furrows steaming in the warm Sun
The soaking seeds underneath them
And the swarming ground termites above them
The herd boys' shouts in the valley
And the mid-day milking and the cows—
And the echoing crack of the cattle whip
Chattering women carrying baskets of mushrooms
Fat, smiling babies strapped on their backs
This . . .
This is the best of a country December Morning

SAMPSON THE GREAT
PHOTOGRAPH
CRAIG STOCKEL

FAST FOOD CHALET
GENEVIEVE ROJAS

Hold the pickle, hold the lettuce
Get your order then forget us
We're the guys who serve you at Fast Food Chalet

Double patty all-beef Big Jacks
Refried beans and Jumbo Jet Macs
Pack up the kids and drive through without a delay

Polyester pants and shirts with
Nylons, white shoes, jacked up flared skirts
We're the guys who sacrifice at Fast Food Chalet

We're on the job at eight o'clock
And stay all day to work and stock
We're the guys who beg you to "Have it your way!"

TO THE PEOPLE
YUNG MAE CHOE

When I talk to you, I do so with strong emotion.
I talk about something which I really want to discuss.

I choose you. For I expect you to be able to listen to my story.

Don't request of me a long explanation.
Don't ask me to explain my action and its motive.
Only listen to what I say to you.

Don't judge me. That's the stupidest deed.

Don't understand me as greater than what I am
in order to make me fit into the realm of your thoughts.
Don't understand me as smaller than what I am either.
To understand a person as someone who fits into your thoughts is
really a ridiculous thing to do.

Don't tell me about your brave past, your successful present,
or your ideal future in order to influence me.
If I feel warmth and joy while I talk to you,
then you have already influenced me.
If I feel comfort after talking to you,
then you have already come into my life.

I don't like someone who takes my story away only
to interpret my feelings recklessly.

I want quiet, deep understanding from you.

You don't have to tell me that you understand my story or know what I mean
If we have a true conversation, we will not need such words.

If I thank you, certainly I'll choose you to talk to.
But if I feel instead disappointment or regret after talking to you,
I'll never try again.

Even if I talk with you once more, I'll protect myself very firmly.

And we will have meaningless conversation,
Only faint, after all useless, empty words. . . .

CHESS SET
RAKU CERAMIC CONSTRUCT
JOHN E. LAUSMAN

SUNFLOWER
WOOD SCULPTURE
SUZANNE BLOOM

DUSK
PHOTOGRAPH
KARL S. SCHULZ

BABY OPOSS
INK DRAWING
TOM DIXO

COUNTLESS TIME
BEVERLY CAMPBELL

I thought
I saw your face
smiling down at me,
a million times today.
But then
you'd disappear,
I know you're
far away.

I thought
I felt you
near my side
ten thousand times today.
I'd turn around
and you were gone,
the memory
wouldn't stay.

I thought
I heard your voice
calling out my name
a thousand times today.
Saying all
the words,
I'd always hoped
you'd say.

I thought
I felt you
running through the memories
of my mind,
a hundred times today:
My mind
would wander off
and join you
in your play.

Your soul communed
with mine
a million times
a thousand times
a hundred times
today.
But no matter
how I tried,
I couldn't
make you
stay.

I think
I thought I
loved you . . .
countless times today.

UNTITLED
BLOCK PRINT
BECKY PLASSMANN

A WINTER SONG
PATRICIA C. MARKS

I felt quiet within myself when I looked at the mountains. I felt their gray and purple hues and they seemed to be able to feel me, the me deep inside. I liked that feeling. Lately I had been frustrated with all kinds of twisted confusion and pain struggling within myself. I have been told one should not have to feel struggling within one's self, but I don't seem to follow that rule of life, if it is a rule.

I held my sketchbook close to me for the wind was blowing and it was a cold wind; a snow wind. There were clusters of snow in dark corners and half-hidden on tree limbs, but most of it had melted away with the rising sun. I looked at the sketchbook with scornful eyes. I didn't want to draw, but I "had" to, for I needed some sketches for my art class at school and I was already behind on my paintings. We had to turn in a painting a week—watercolor, tempera, acrylics—whatever we wished to use but it had to be turned in by Friday. I didn't like that. No, it's no fun having to do what you "have" to do. Still, my father claims there is an awful lot of things in this world that you're gonna "have" to do, whether you want to or not. And I guess he's right.

I walked slowly down the hill, feeling the muscles pull in the back of my legs. My eyes searched the sky above me for clouds—there were none. It was the placid blue of a rainbow and it gave me a warm and lonely feeling at the same time.

I sang to myself while wandering towards an old graystone church. A feeling of melancholy, of simple yet saddened times crept over me as I approached the door, for somewhere inside me I knew it would be locked and that just didn't seem right. I touched the painted-red wood of the door and traced a splintered line to the iron handle where my hand gently clasped and tugged. It did not respond and I released my hold silently. I turned to the right finding myself at the bottom of some carefully laid steps that led to a graveyard overlooking the church. It surprised me, I mean, I hadn't noticed the cemetery from the road. It was like all-of-a-sudden a fog had lifted to reveal

its most secret possession.

I climbed the steps, my eyes glancing at the old and new headstones, my ears catching the faint sound of my feet on the dead and browned grass. I took in the church from this angle and decided to try and capture it on paper with the help of a pencil.

In my haste to get away from the house that my friends and I had rented for the weekend, I had thrown my coat only over my shoulders. As I sat down on a tombstone, the coldness of it soaked through my jeans and touched my skin, like water from an ice-blue lake. I pulled out a pencil and began my once-over-lightly sketch, suddenly concentrating on what was before me instead of inside me. It seemed that so often whenever I was alone or even with friends, my thoughts were centered on myself. I worried how I looked and what others might be thinking of me. I worried as to what I was going to do once I got out of high school; I didn't know and this frustrated me. And tomorrow; tomorrow I would be 18. Shouldn't I know what I want out of life? Should I not at least have some idea? I've been told that I have or rather we all have so little time on this earth that we should make the most of it. But how?

My eyes squinted against the brightness of the sky as I pondered over the church. There was no movement, but I could sense that it was waiting; waiting for someone or something to make the empty space inside it become filled and warm. I sympathize with it for I, too, was waiting.

A dog, small and long-haire came up and nudged my han with its cold nose. I glanced dow to see amber eyes looking up fo mine. I smiled and spoke softly t it.

"Have you come to show m around?" I asked of the amber eyed friend.

I got up from my position stretching my back and closin my sketch pad for later. The do padded across the winter gras and turned to wait for me. followed and began talking t him. Then we both stopped looking at the sky, the sun feeling the wind and tasting th air—the cold, mountain air.

I began walking back to th steps I had ascended, this tim the dog followed me. I paused a the tombstone that had so gra ciously let me use it as my chai for a moment. The stone was ol and weathered with salt an pepper stains. I bent to read th words:

Mary Lisa Johnson
b. 1863
d. 1881

I straightened up and stared a the trees along the road. The sk suddenly became bluer, the win so much more cold. She was onl 18 years old when she died. Here was, caught in my own littl world of constant worry, an there she was, someone, who lik so many never really had chance to live. I smiled and ben down again to thank someone never knew.

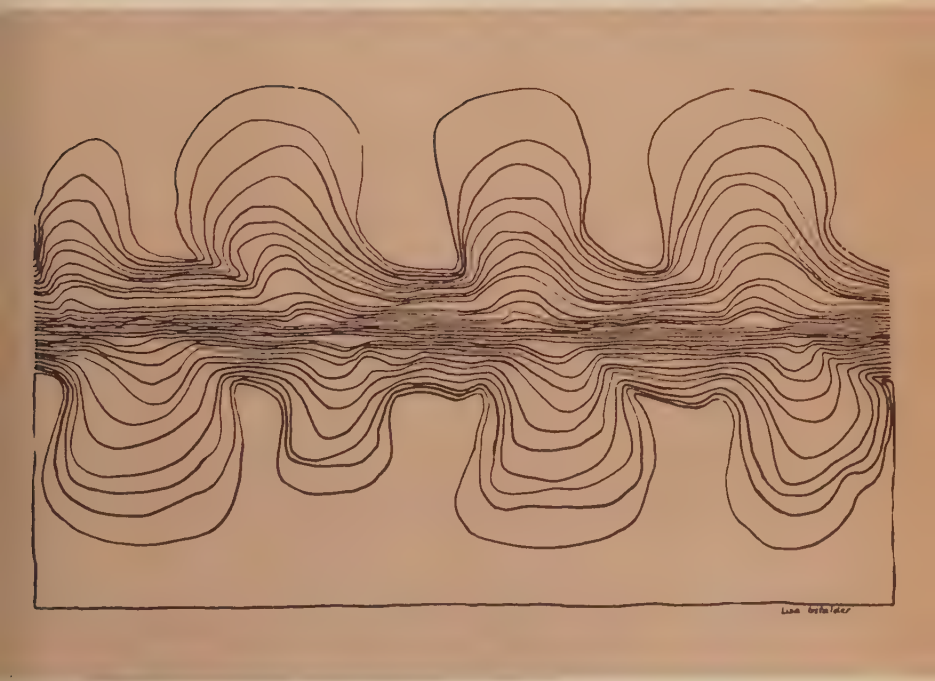
UNTITLED
PHOTOGRAPH
KYLE CLEVELAND

VERTICAL CLEARANCE
11 FEET 11 INCHES

LARNO BRIDGE
HOTOGRAPH
EATHER MCRAE PERKINS

AFTER SUICIDE
CAROL GENEE

selfish
with that gun
it was my life, too

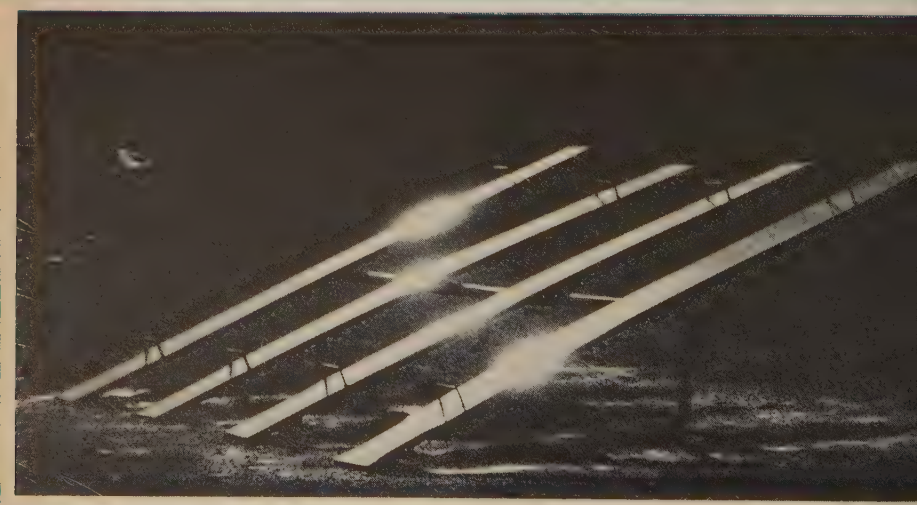


NTITLED
K DRAWING
SA GSTALDER

THE PASSING
SUE FUHRMAN

I remember when the feelings
Of trust were pure,
When I could put my thoughts
Into your palm
And know they would be sheltered.
Now I look at your eyes,
The eyes that lied,
And I look at the lips
That trembled with betrayal
And ugly words.
You were my friend, my trust keeper,
And in your mind I bathed.
In my mind, the death comes hard.

SEE-SAW SUNBURSTS
PHOTOGRAPH
SUSAN REBECCA BRAUN



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PHOTOGRAPH
REBECCA SUE CARLSON

FORGOTTEN SOLDIER
INK DRAWING
JESSE SPEIGHT

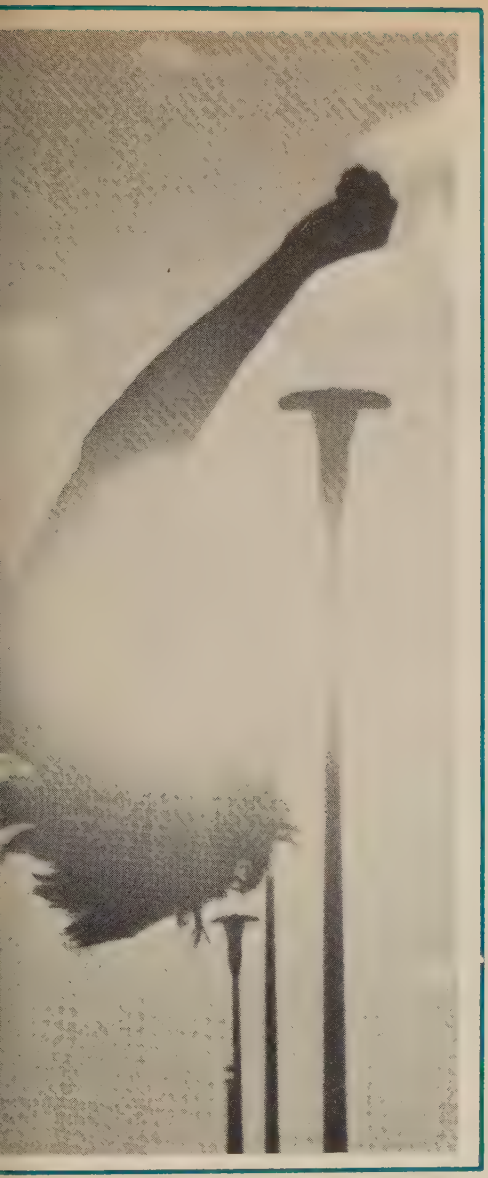
I SING OF MYSELF
TIMOTHY AHRENS

If you search for me tomorrow
and the leaves are crumbled and dry,
and the stones are washed by rainfall
and the skeptic sparrow cries;
When you sing your song of searching
to the dried and cracked pastels,
and you treble songs of longing
to the onion-skinned wastrels;
If you wish to find me
'midst the storms of silent springs
you must search for me forever—
in forevers I will sing.

I will sing a tale of oneness
of a path beknownst to none!
I will sing a hallelujah
for my moment in the sun!
I will sing a yarn of madness
for my sanity undone!
I will sing of railroad highways
for the traveling vagabond!

So, my friend you will never trap me
for my soul is undefined;
and my song's journey endless,
and my spirit eternally mine . . .

CLOUD NINE
PHOTOGRAPH
JAMES M. CLAYTON JR.



UNTITLED
JULIE POMEROY

A fierce resentment
  Rises in my soul
When someone tries
  To contain my energy.
I am free to live
  And refuse to be denied
Any of my freedoms.
  Don't touch me!
I may scream.
  I must live my life
And enjoy it.
  Don't delay your
Fabulous entrance
  Into my territory
But, please,
  Don't fence me in.

POINT OF VIEW
MARK COFTA

(The scratching of chalk on a dusty chalkboard; the class takes out notebooks and pencils as M.C. walks in barely before the bell rings, as usual.)

"Introduction: a locus is the set of all points equidistant from a point or set of points, such as a line." (He has the wrong notebook; he rips a page from his Chemistry notebook and begins looking for the correct page in the math text.)

—a railroad bridge over Main Street cars and people passing far beneath me and Chris sits on the edge of the bridge gazing down the tracks leading to Oz and I see the universe through her eyes for a moment—

"Theorem 145: The locus of points at a given distance from a given point is a circle whose center is the given point and the length of whose radius is the given distance." (He hastily scrawls it on his sheet of paper.)

—the wind blows her hair back and the beauty of the dreamer is revealed but it is much too cold so we sweep the broken glass away and sit down on the bridge holding hands as if we could never let go and she looks at her watch we really should go I agree hesitantly but like me she wants to stay so we do—

"4. Two points A and B are six inches apart. How many points are there that are equidistant from A and B and also five inches from A?" (The solution is simple, he sees; there is no need to write it down.)

—the world is distant Chris is close and yet far and I feel like I'll be something someday just to see her smile proudly but she'll love me even if I fail because its me *and not success that matters and why question the future when everything now is heaven or at least a cease-fire—*

"6. Prove: The locus of points in the interior of an angle equidistant from the sides of the angle is the bisector of the angle." (He quickly sees: prove triangles and therefore angles congruent. He doesn't bother to write it down.)

—tell her the dreams and goals of a frustrated 15-year-old and she is happy to listen and understands as I look beyond my starry-eyed awe at her interest in my mutterings I see an unbreakable bond forming that has really been there all along waiting to be noticed and appreciated at last—

"15. Given parallel lines r and s are d distance apart, and point P is any point between the two lines. (a) What is the locus of the center of a circle the length of whose radius is represented by $\frac{d}{2}$ and which passes through P?" (It looks easy to him; he decides to do it with the other homework later.)

—I say I love her but there's no reason to because we both know it's written all over my face and no reason to fear a reply or even the lack of one because her eyes have been telling me all along and yes we do have to go now rising reluctantly but secure in the knowledge that it isn't an ending but a slight delay until the next time we're together—

(As the bell rings, the teacher says, "do 16 through 31 on pages 292 and 293 for tomorrow." He decides he'll remember and doesn't write it down, just gathers his books quickly and heads for the door amidst students slamming their books, talking and laughing, and shuffling toward the door.)

—she's coming from lunch so she'll be at her locker now—

(Hurrying his pace, he exits.)

UNTITLED
INK DRAWING
JON CONNOLLY

FLIGHT 459
LESLIE ANNE WEISHAAR

Well, here we are. Thanks, Mom.
(College. Thanks Mom, Good-bye.)
Let's stop in the airport snackbar
and grab a bite to eat.
(I can't wait to get away from here!
Well I can't wait till you go!)
Can't you finish?
I'm not very hungry.
Excited?
Yes.
(No, scared. Mom, I'm gonna miss you.
I'm sorry. Don't make me go. Mom,
I love you.)
Let's go down to the gate.
O.K.
You don't want to miss your plane, do you?
No. Smile. Fake laugh.
(When are you leaving? Don't worry, not soon enough!
You're already too late!)
Seat 24c is in the aisle by the wing.
Sir, can't you get her a window seat with a better view?
(Mom, my guardian angel. Am I leaving or are you? Tell me
you'll miss me. Take my hand now.)
We have a while to wait till boarding.
I don't mind, Mother. I have some reading to do.
(I want to talk to you but what can I say?
Forgive me, I have been ungrateful, impertinent, and selfish.
My throat cages the words.)
Flight 459 boarding at Gate 16.
Time to go, dear.
(Go. Go where? Away. From what?)
Well, good-bye, Mom. Quick kiss on the cheek.
Thanks for everything.
(Thanks. 18 years. Thanks.)
The crowd surges forward. I am just
one brown bobbing head in a crowd.
Alone.
(Mommy! Wait!)

The plane swallows me up.
I sit by the window
watching
a lonely woman crying
watching me.

RUNNING FREE
PHOTOGRAPH
DAN TANI

MUNCH
PHOTOGRAPH
RICK LEWIS

DADDY'S BLESSING
CATHERINE B. BURROUGHS

I love my Daddy's mumbled blessing
Caught inside an exhaled breath
Fighting for its life before he opens eyes
Said sincere
But jostled with the newsprint he's just read.
His thanks to God
So close to
"Turkey—1.39 a pound" and
"Senate passes bill today"
That one can wonder
How it rises to his lips and struggles through.
The strength of prayer!
And that "Amen"
Which always steals an extra ounce of air.

PROMISES, PROMISES
CHUCK SIMON

I had a strong feeling of uneasiness as we ate supper. Mom and Dad seemed to be watching me. Mom had a look of worry on her face, and Dad appeared angry. There was none of the usual small talk that usually occupied our meal. The only steady sound was the ticking of the clock on the wall that reminded me of a time bomb. Something was definitely wrong.

"How did you like the dance last night?" asked my father, breaking the silence.

"Oh, it was okay," I answered weakly, without looking up.

"Your Father and I saw you, dear. At about ten-thirty," said my mother, coyly. I quickly looked up.

"Ya, you and that Thompson and about four other kids," said Dad in a very rough voice. His lower jaw was pulled back, so I knew from past experience that he was serious.

"How do you know it was us?" I asked quickly. "There's another car just like mine, only a year newer, running around town. And besides, we were at the dance."

"Wrong," he solemnly stated. "We were the car behind you at the stoplights. And that Thompson kid stuck his head out the window and shouted something to the girls in the car next to you. He mentioned something about having a couple of cases of beer in the trunk."

"Oh, that's just his way of picking up girls," I said, desperately hoping he would believe me.

"Wrong again," he said, squinting and leaning forward. He was very serious. "This morning, before you got up, I went out and looked in your trunk." He got up, walked over to the closet and pulled out a six-pack missing one can. "And this is what I found!" his voice boomed. "Do you care to make up another lie for that?"

I looked down on my plate that somehow didn't look appetizing now. I looked back up at Dad. I knew from his appearence that I was in trouble. The veins in his temples and on his neck stood out. The whites of his eyes spun and his lips were pulled in, exposing the tips of his teeth. He appeared much taller standing there, and his shoulders were

SURREALISTIC NIGHT SCENE
PHOTOGRAPH
BRAD AXEN

much broader than usual. I knew at a glance that any smart remarks would be unwise at this time. The best way to handle this would be to act humble and sorry. That way he might not punish me at all.

"Well, are you going to lie about this?" he asked again.

"No, Dad," I answered.

"I didn't think so," he said, relaxing his posture. "How long has this been going on?" was his next question.

I thought a second, looked up, and said, "This was the first time," in a half believable manner. Dad tilted his head back and stared down his nose at me. "Fourth," I said, looking down at the floor.

"That's better," said Dad.

The idea was to give him an impossible answer the first time and an answer slightly closer to the truth the second time. He usually falls for it.

"And how much beer do you have at these little gatherings?" he quizzed, pretending to be Perry Mason.

"A couple of cases," I said.

"No, no," he said blinking. "I mean you."

"Oh," I said. "Two or three cans," I answered his question wrong deliberately the first time to throw him off rhythm.

He glanced at me for a second but let the answer pass. "You know how I feel about alcohol," he said. "I never touch the stuff, and I don't see why you should have to either. Especially at such an early age. Why, you just got your driver's license. I think I'll have to take some of your privileges away for a while." He glanced over to Mom, who had been sitting there quietly listening all along. She usually liked to stay out of this sort of thing.

"What do you think we should do, Mom?" he asked her.

"I don't know," she said as though she were still thinking. "I don't really think we have to punish him this time. I think if he promises not to drink anymore, and to always tell us the truth about where he's going, things will straighten out by themselves. He wouldn't break a promise to us."

"Maybe you're right," Dad said. His eyes lowered in a deep train of thought. "All right," he said, lifting his eyes and directing them right into mine. "I'll let you go. But let me warn you. If I ever hear of this sort of thing again, you're in big trouble. Not only is it bad for you morally, but it's physically abusive and potentially addictive. Besides that, you're lucky you made it home last night while you were under the influence. You could have gotten in a serious car accident."

"I suppose you're right, Dad. I never thought of it that way," I said. And then after a short pause, I looked at him in the straightest face I could manage and said, "And I promise not to do it again. Both the drinking and the lying about where I was."

"Good boy," said Dad with a smile.

I, of course, didn't mean a word

of it. I almost never do when it comes to talking to Dad about things like this. He leads a very quiet life and is very ignorant of what goes on around here. He's trusting to the point of being gullible. Actually I've been getting drunk twice every weekend and sometimes during the week for the last three years, and I don't intend to stop now. The reason they never found out about it before is because I never get hangovers and can hide intoxication very well.

We finished our little discussion at about seven-thirty, and I had to be to Jerry Thompson's house at eight.

"Dad, can I go to the movie tonight? I know a couple of guys who saw it and they say it's really good. If I go now I'll be able to see both the eight and ten o'clock showings."

"I guess you can. As long as we know where you are and that you won't get into any trouble. Right?" he asked with a grin.

"Right," I chuckled, in the most believable chuckle I could whip up. "Bye."

I got in my car and sped over to Jerry's place to pick up him and three other guys. Then we had to pick up beer and take it out to Jerry's cottage where we were having a big party tonight. On the way there I told them the whole story about what happened. They nearly died laughing. We got to the cottage and got it all set up. Kids started rolling in by the carload and by ten-thirty there were about 35 kids. Everyone was getting quite loaded and loud, but we weren't too worried because Jerry's cottage is quite isolated. I had just walked over to Jerry to tell him what a good party spot he had when we saw another car bounding down the long driveway. Jerry and I walked toward the end of the driveway to greet whoever it was. It came quite fast and slid to a stop right next to us.

"Oh my God!" I said. "Cops. How am I going to explain this one to the folks?" □

SHARPS AND FLAT
PHOTOGRAPH
CHUCK EATON

JUDAS ISCARIOT
LORI GRADEN

The spirit was there
The spirit was strong
I felt right at ease
I felt I belonged.

The praises were loud
The praises were clear
The friendship was warm
The friendship was near.

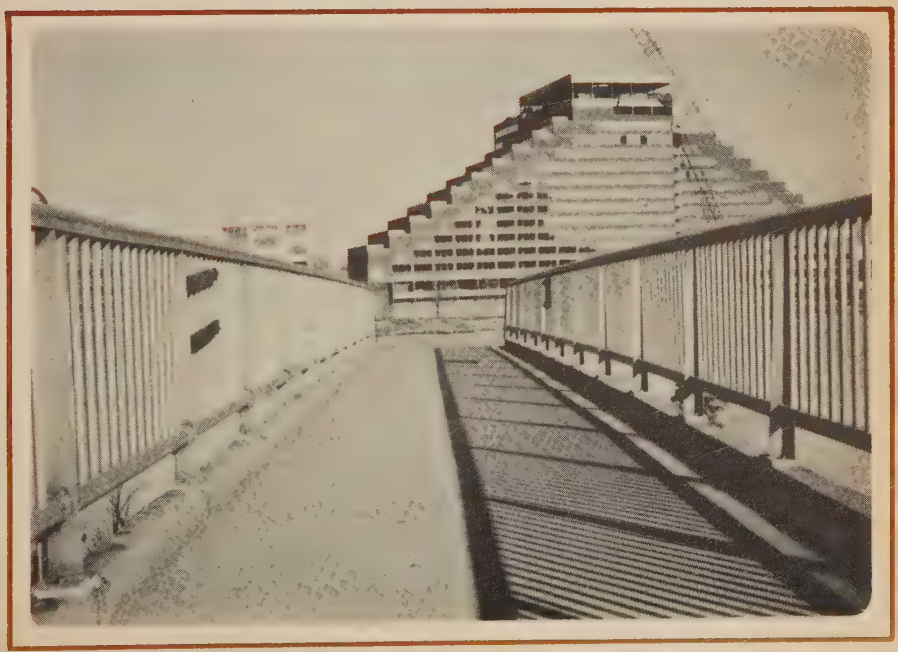
But there was one among us
Who didn't belong
He rejected our friendship
He resented our song.

I tried to get near him
I extended my hand
He broke down and cried
Then he turned, and he ran.

He hid among wise men
He submitted to greed
Then fear overcame him
As he found his true need.

He cried out in despair
But only too late
His lord he had killed
He had succumbed to fate

So with blood on his hands
And tears in his eyes
He walked to the gallows
It was there that he died.



KODIAK
SCRATCH BOARD
JENNIFER HAMMER

I BOUGHT LOVE IN THE FIVE AND TEN STORE
STACEY HETTLER

Someone once said,
"you can't buy love."
But, I did
for 4.98 plus tax,
in the Five and Ten.
Packaged in black, natural fur
with standard whiskers and claws.
Squeaking and whistling
on a shelf
in the Five and Ten.
This masquerade as a guinea pig,
Didn't fool my detective heart.
I knew at a glance she spelled love.
Even when imprisoned in that cage
in the Five and Ten.
I brought her home, where
she had it made in the shade.
The only rent she paid was love,
That stemmed from gratitude for rescuing her
in the Five and Ten.
We laughed (squeaked) and conversed often
even though she knew nothing but fluent guinean.
How I loved my little companion.
And she dwelled with me long and I think she loved me too!
She was happy with me and never seemed to miss her ex-shanty
in the Five and Ten
But, as it must be, God came a callin'
And her eyes spoke of her departure.
I cried "no" in a childish manner, knowing the emptiness to be.
But, what could I expect for 4.98 plus tax?
So, I placed her in a shoe-box and let her go
to the Five and Ten in the Sky.

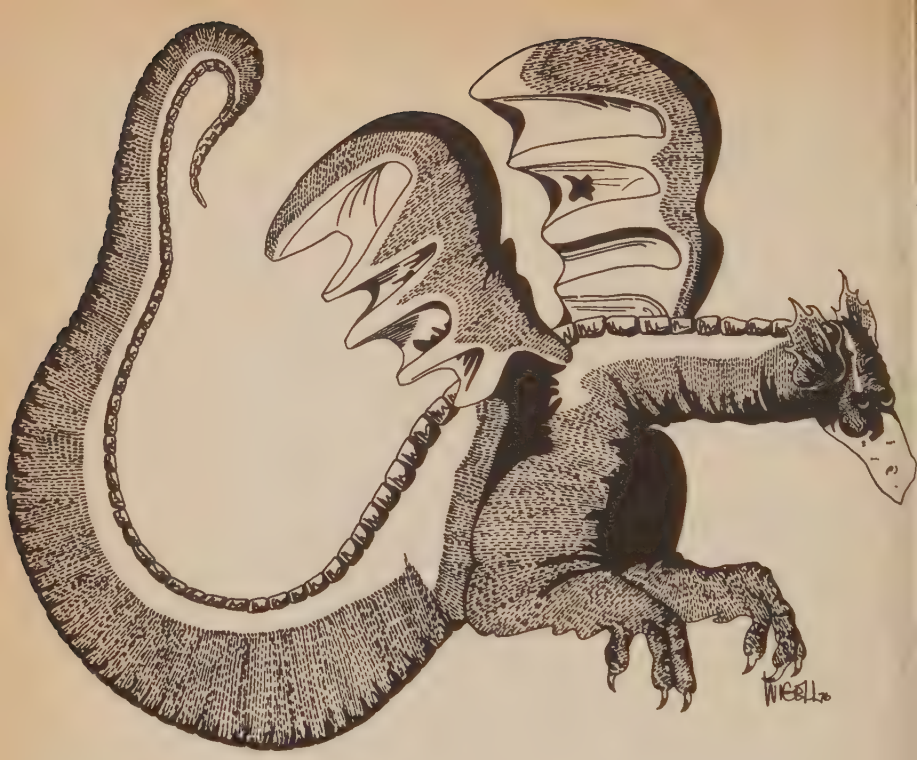
EYOND THE RAIN
HOTOGRAPH
OBIN GERMANY

DEAF ONE
ANN HOWARD

Her hands will sometimes tremble
But not too very much.
She likes to play in bubble baths
Just to feel the touch.
And her fingers twitch in signals
As we talk across the room.
She wants me to describe to her,
A firing rifle's boom.

Her eyes dart all around me.
She jiggles both her feet.
But she's far too deaf to hear it,
And far too scared to speak.
So her fingers twitch in signals,
As she's angered now because
She's never heard a word of praise,
And never heard applause.

She looks away, resisting.
I'm trying to explain.
It's the meaning—not the sounding
That my listening eyes retain
And her fingers twitch in signals
Till she finds she'd rather pout.
And she's sheltered there in silence
But I think she'd rather shout.



FLYING SEA HORSE
INK DRAWING
DIANE WIGELL

A POEM FOR EARTHWORMS
CAROL LYNNE COX

hop-scotching down
the street
my feet avoid
the victims of
last night's rain.
still, curving bodies
lie
in pothole graves—
the mass burial
of hundreds dead
a memorial
to the power of a raindrop.

UNTITLED #1
CORKY LOGGINS

Vinnie's world is the last page of a
fairy tale,
and as the page turns
to yet another fable
she hides
in a paragraph
before the end of the
first
and refuses to
venture beyond the
prince's kiss.

DREAM BEAST
PENCIL DRAWING
VIKTORIA HAM

MY BROTHER
ELLEN MARGARET ROBERTS

There he sits
with the other two,
not knowing who's watching,
not caring,
just wanting to play.

Somehow I know him.
We grew together
and grew apart.
But then he left,
to fight his way through the hills,
and lose himself
in music.

I know he won't come back,
the absentee from the family portrait
that hangs on the wall.

Maybe if I push hard enough
the crowd will let me through.
I'd run up to him and
throw my arms around him.
We'd laugh
and play for the stars
and the clouds,
and ourselves.

But, no,
it's been too long,
he's a stranger
a performer.
Not my brother.

MAD REALITY
PENCIL DRAWING
RANDY LEWI

CAT NAP
PHOTOGRAPH
MARC DICKSON

GRIMALKIN
KIOANI SANKEHANGI

He's embroidered paths
in my long-haired lawn-
a black needle
with yellow eyes
warily weaving. . . .

sitting on the steps
with his shoulders
hunched like an old man's
white bib wilting
on his lean chest
and frayed tail silently waving
his wail of want
threads through the seams
of my windows and doors
begging leftovers—
hard-boiled chicken neck
greasy chops
charred morning bacon
wrinkled franks—
He avidly gobbles the meal
his ebbing stomach slightly swells
he delicately licks
at the gravy that trickled
on his chin
and gives me a satisfied look
with his half milky-curtained eyes

He declines the warmth
of my home
resists custody of enfolding arms
and slowly walks away
towing his back legs
in a perennial stretch
as if wearied of the world
but too lion to withdraw.

FRIENDSHIP'S WEAVE
THOMAS HECKER

Lady,
High thought and deep emotion are
so jointly interlaced
that past the break of either droops
the sister strand unbraced.
So, these bright, warm cords must be
carefully drawn and plaited
obviating knots and tears
lest the weave be mutilated.
Next, whole fabrics can of the
unbroken yarn be styled
—of bright-hued thought, of warm-textured feeling:
our soul's raiment mild.
How much better fashioned then
might be the twill of our array,
if the yarn were double ply;
'twould take twice as long to fray!
Be you then the warp and I
the complement woof will be,
that we in our interweaving
may form friendship's finery.

RUG
MACRAME AND OLIVE WOOD BEAD
SUE HUSAR

31
TIMOTHY AHRENS, 18
Lansdale, Pa.
"I Sing of Myself"
I am a freestyle writer. I believe in the beauty of creating form, as does a sculptor who chisels and caresses a block of wood while creating art. I too sculpt language in using the medium of poetry. In poetry, there are no established rules which you *must* follow in devising the scheme and theme of your work. I like this freedom. A musician has the harmony and dissonance of chords, themes, and rhythms at his disposal. In turn, a writer has the limitations of the human language and can only create within those limitations. I believe this is why poetry is such a vital part of the written language. Poetry lends itself to imagination. When we no longer can create words, we create form and imagery which is unique and contains *new* themes, *new* rhythms, and *new* patterns.

40
BRAD AXEN, 15
Santa Ana, Calif.
"Surrealistic Night Scene"
Having worked with photography for two years, it has been exciting for me to discover that through my camera and darkroom, I can create a work of art with my own interpretation.

19
SUZANNE BLOOM, 15
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.
"Sunflower"
While on a recent vacation, I acquired quite a supply of driftwood from the Northern California coast. I found a wooden flat in my backyard in which plants had been bought, and decided to use that as a frame to make a driftwood sculpture. Not knowing how it might turn out, I started arranging the pieces in the flat. After experimenting with several ideas, I ended up with this sculpture.

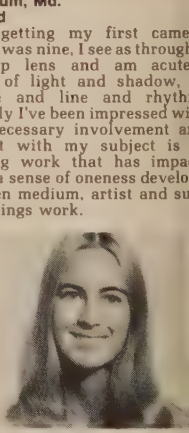
28
SUSAN REBECCA BRAUN, 17
Carbondale, Ill.
"See-Saw Sunbursts"
I became involved in photography in the 11th grade, through a class at school. The new experiences of developing and printing my own film were exciting. It let me catch part of myself on film, the part I could never describe well enough when written down. "See-Saw Sunbursts" was a picture I took in this beginner's course. The flashing of the sun off the see-saws caught my eye while I was walking, taking pictures for a different assignment.

38
CATHERINE B. BURROUGHS, 18
Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109
"Daddy's Blessing"
Books have always seemed special to me, and it is this interest in reading that has influenced my writing. I wrote a play in first grade and have been writing ever since. The written word is truly one's *own* creation, his assertion of his individual thoughts and observations. My poems are much like the photographs that fill people's albums: at one glance, I can relive moments that were important to me. Poems preserve them forever in a few colorful lines. Poetry writing is one of the most rewarding things about living to me; it's not a bother or a strain, but rather a pleasant outpouring at the end of the day.

21
BEVERLY CAMPBELL, 18
New Carlisle, O.
"Countless Time"
To me, creative expression is t
sharing of a part of your soul wi
the rest of the world. For th
communication to take place,
must be in a form that will rea
one or more of the five huma
senses. As long as it is done in
constructive way, it is creative
started writing poetry and sho
stories during junior high as
outlet for my frustrations and as
way of living my dreams. No
that I'm older, my writing reflec
my joys and sorrows, struggl
and victories and records
impressions of the life and peop
around me.

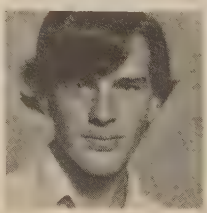
29
REBECCA SUE CARLSON, 17
Timonium, Md.
Untitled
Since getting my first came
when I was nine, I see as through
close-up lens and am acute
aware of light and shadow,
texture and line and rhyth
Recently I've been impressed wi
how necessary involvement a
rapport with my subject is
creating work that has impa
When a sense of oneness develo
between medium, artist and su
ject, things work.

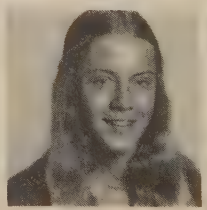
SUSAN REBECCA BRAUN


CATHERINE B. BURROUGH

BEVERLY CAMPI

TIMOTHY AHRENS


BRAD AXEN


SUZANNE BLOOM

REBECCA SUE CARLSO

15
SHIMMER CHINODYA, 17
Goromonzi, Rhodesia
"December Morning in the Country"
No statement.

18
YUNG MAE CHOE, 17
Warren, O.
"To the People"
Creative writing means not only a piece of myself, but also my other self. It is as personal as my privacy, as valuable as my friends. The poem "To the People" was written in Korean, which is my native language, and then translated into English. Although I do not particularly intend to share all my writings with others, it is a simple pleasure for me to show how I feel through this contest. I desire to write more creatively than yesterday, with the devotion which I have for my life and its Creator.

32
JAMES M. CLAYTON, JR., 17
Evansville, Ind.
"Cloud Nine"
I started in photography as part of a deal with my father. If I took a class in photography, I could use his camera and equipment. The more I learned, the more I became interested. Through the use of filters, other accessories and special techniques, you can distort, convey a feeling, create a mood, or change any subject from what is seen by the eye. I hope to study photography in college and continue it as a career.

YUNG MAE CHOE

JAMES M. CLAYTON

25
KYLE CLEVELAND, 15
Carl Junction, Mo.
Untitled
Photography became of real interest to me when I started taking pictures for my school's paper. After attending a summer media workshop, I got an idea of how creative photography can be. I think the reason that I enjoy taking pictures is the feeling of self-satisfaction I get from being able to express my thoughts and emotions through my pictures.

34
MARK COFTA, 15
East Aurora, N.Y.
"Point of View"
After a tumultuous number of years looking for God, I found Christ and am thankful; now all I have to do is find myself. My life moves forward, and what I write are my thoughts on where I was and what I saw, felt, and lived. Creative expression is the basis of intelligent life in the universe, and both creative expression and the universe are infinite and beautiful. Infinitely beautiful. Beautifully infinite. I have much to see. L'Chaim!

KYLE CLEVELAND

MARK COFTA

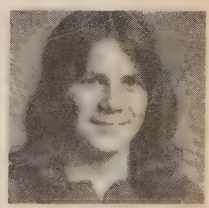
CAROL LYNNE COX

7
JULIE CONDON, 16
Adelphi, Md.
"The Pick-up"
I always enjoyed writing, so I decided to learn more about it by taking a course through the mail from the Institute of Children's Literature. My entry was "inspired" by the actual event. A guy really tried to pick me up in the humor section of Brentano's. Of course, my story is 99.9 percent made up, but the situation struck me as funny, so I wrote about it. I think I'd like to continue writing light humor. It seems to be the style I'm best at and besides, it satisfies a small part of me that likes to laugh at life.

35
JON CONNOLLY
Indianapolis, Ind.
Untitled
In today's regulated world I think that everybody should have some sort of mental escape, an excercise which has no rules or limits but reflects a personal idea or feeling. This is why I believe that creative expression is the most valuable asset that we possess, whether it be art, photography, writing or any other art form. We should remember to encourage children to express their imagination and emotions at an early age, thereby enabling them to develop their inner self and continue producing new and original forms of art.

48
CAROL LYNNE COX, 16
Bethel Park, Pa.
"A Poem for Earthworms"
I have been writing for several years now. Poetry is my favorite form because it is a challenge to define something using only a few words.

JULIE CONDON



JON CONNOLLY

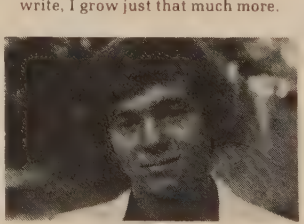
52
MARC DICKSON, 17
Gibsonia, Pa.
"Cat Nap"
When we tried to contact him, Marc's father wrote to us, saying, "Marc is now in Belgium as an A.F.S. foreign exchange student, and will not be able to provide his statement in the necessary time. But thank you for again choosing Marc's work. Being chosen a winner in your creative arts competition has been a great encouragement to him."

21
TOM DIXON, 18
Indianapolis, Ind.
"Baby Opossum"
It seems I've always been involved in artwork to express my appreciation of nature. My artwork has been particularly influenced by the many hours spent at a nearby pond where there are many trees and small animals to enjoy. I would eventually like to follow the career of an illustrator.

43
CHUCK EATON, 17
Townsend, Mass.
"Sharps and Flats"
I really started to enjoy photography about four years ago, when I bought a Polaroid camera. I've since discovered 35mm photography, which I find much more versatile. With 35mm photography, the photographer's only limitations are his/her imagination. I don't take a picture with the idea that it will impart some particular message. Rather, I visualize what a particular scene will look like on paper, and if I think it will be aesthetically pleasing, interesting, or thought provoking, I photograph it.

24
SUSAN FUHRMAN, 14
Iowa Falls, Ia.
"The Passing"
To be creative in brief is impossible; what it means to me is everything. I guess when I'm most creative is when I'm in a world of my own. I walk around most of the time thinking to be creative. The thing that inspired me to write was my daydreams. I'd sit around in class and picture myself in a different way of life and being with different people. I think most people who look at me see a plain girl; most people can't see that I'm scheming up a plan with a word they call creative.

27
CAROL GENEE, 19
Cement City, Mich.
"After Suicide"
Poetry is a very special outlet for me. Writing is much more than black letters on a page of white—it is a means by which I can dig deeper inside myself. A poem is a soothing flow of thoughts between my soul and my pen; it is the friend who will never desert me. When I write a poem, I write about the world I know and the people who touch it. For me, writing is a salve to ease me when I am upset, confused and things are moving too quickly. With every poem I write, I grow just that much more.


MARC DICKSON

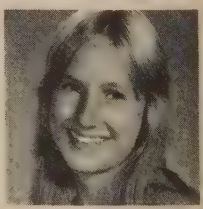
46
ROBIN GERMANY, 17
Friendswood, Tex.
"Beyond the Rain"
Photography is a challenge as well as a means for expression. With imagination, a black and white photo can hold a spectrum of colors and emotions with more impact than any other medium because of its lingering reminder of reality.

43
LORI GRADEN, 15
Bettendorf, Ia.
"Judas Iscariot"
I became interested in poetry through school. It appeared as a challenge to me—to be able to make a statement or a feeling into a work of art. It's funny though because I can never write a good poem unless I'm inspired. The inspiration for "Judas Iscariot" came to me at a Bible study one night. We were discussing the betrayal of Christ and a voice within me cried out in pity for the betrayer, who was chosen for this bloody deed before birth. I developed that voice, and the result was this poem.

27
LISA GSTALDER, 15
Eden Praire, Minn.
Untitled
I have always enjoyed art! I decided to enter the YOUTH art contest after I was a finalist last year. This year, I took a design class which taught me about line, shape, and space and how they are art in themselves. Art is so interesting because everyone expresses it differently, so art is widely spread for everyone to enjoy!

TOM DIXON

ROBIN GERMANY


LORI GRADEN

CHUCK EATON

SUSAN FUHRMAN

CAROL GENEE

LISA GSTALDER

49
VIKTORIA HAM, 19
Las Vegas, Nev.
"Dream Beast"
I've been drawing ever since I can remember. Of course, my drawings lack polish, because I've never had any formal instruction. Drawing lets me create what exists only in my mind, so that I can share it with others. With such a collection of characters pushing and crying for attention, I'm glad I can release them in the form of art!

44
JENNIFER HAMMER, 18
Northport, N.Y.
"Kodiak"
Writing and drawing lets me focus on some aspect of the world, to capture and make it an extension of myself. Creative expression means simply seeing when you look.

54
THOMAS HECKER, 18
Bethel Park, Pa.
"Friendship's Weave"
It is very seldom—perhaps once in a lifetime—that one can have a friend so close that life would be unimaginable without him or her. I don't mean the selfish, passionate, romantic love that binds man and woman beyond the power of reason, nor do I mean the transient bonds between people with some common interest that can be broken with little loss or regret. Rather, I speak of an affection that grows steadily over months and years, always seeming sturdier and healthier as time goes on, until, ultimately, the two are as one and a mere glance into the friend's eyes tells more than words could ever convey. The poem was written for one that I thought might become such a friend.

45
STACEY HETTLER, 17
Sunbury, Pa.
"I Bought Love in the Five and Ten Store"
Poetry for me has never been a means to communicate with others, but somewhat selfishly rather to communicate to myself how and why I feel the way I do at a given moment. Fragments of my childhood, such as the one depicted in my poem, I tried to reconstruct and store for nostalgic reasons. Remembering is an art. Being able to convey that memory to the point where it can almost be relived is a gift.

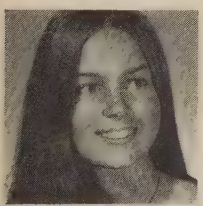
64
JAMES HIVELY, 18
York, Pa.
"Self-Portrait"
Creating is delving into an idea or subject until you see a way to portray it. Then you manipulate every medium in reach to translate it into various art forms. Any work of art is a self-portrait in the fact that it is a reflection of its creator.

1
JOHN W. HOOPES II, 17
Baltimore, Md.
"Laura"
I have been involved in photography since I was about 10, when a photographer friend of my mother showed me how to develop film and helped me to set up my own darkroom. Since then, I've been taking pictures continuously. "Laura" is just one of the hundreds of pictures I have taken of my family and friends. Laura, who loves cats, is a friend of my sister who wanted a picture of her favorite cat, Wisp. At the time I didn't have a flash attachment, and just took my chances with a nearby lamp. The result was one of my favorite pictures ever. It is a very rare pose—Laura hardly ever sits still and is almost never as quiet as she might look. I hope others find my creative work as pleasing as I do. Even if they don't see anything in the end result, I can recognize it as something that has come entirely from myself and has given me joy in its creation. Isn't that what creativity is all about?

47
ANN HOWARD, 18
Defiance, O.
"Deaf One"
My best friend and I memorized the Helen Keller Handbook of Hand Signs when in high school to communicate silently in study halls. It became solidly useful a couple of years later when I met a deaf and mute girl. As my friends and I laughed, sang, and rocked back forth in time to the music of a televised rock concert—she sat soundlessly. I finally realized the kind of pain it must be to be deaf, and, after I convinced her to slow her fingers down, we "talked" about sound. She was remarkable and inspiring, thus the poem.

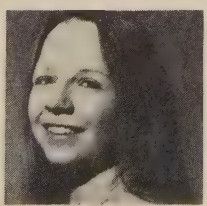
VIKTORIA HAM

JOHN W. HOOPES II


JENNIFER HAMMER

ANN HOWARD

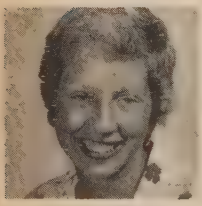
THOMAS HECKER


STACEY HETTLER

JAMES HIVELY

55
SUE HUSAR, 17
Amherst, O.
"Rug"
I enjoy exploring the many different mediums that art has to offer and creating a piece of art opens my eyes to the beauty around me.

5
ADA JAMES, 18
Brigham City, Utah
"Three Navaho Sash Belts"
I didn't really get involved in art until I went to boarding school. Learning to do different native arts was fun. I learned to do Navaho sashes and they were my favorite. It took me only three days to do one. They were very pretty and I enjoyed doing them. I also found out that learning different native arts is something to keep to yourself. I wish there was an easier way to put it, but I can't. My great great grandmother always told us never teach anyone how to bead or weave a basket, and ever since she told me that, I never have. Neither did my relatives.


SUE HUSAR

ADA JAMES

RANDY LEWIS

19
JOHN E. LAUSMAN, 19
Mt. Clemens, Mich.
"Chess Set"
As I explore new mediums of art, I find stimulating challenges in each one. Art is a valuable part of my life and I am planning to pursue it as my career. I enjoy creating art and I also like the responses I get from other people. I am appreciative of YOUTH, the way it gives many people the opportunity to share their expressions with others.

51
RANDY LEWIS, 18
Cumberland, Ind.
"Mad Reality"
Even though I have always liked to draw, my high school years seemed to bring about an interest in pen and pencil drawings, shades of blacks and whites. In fact, drawing means everything to me, since I find often I can't say what I mean in words, but am able to express myself clearly through my drawings. As you can see, in "Mad Reality," I enjoy making everyday things look alive on paper.

JOHN E. LAUSMAN

RICK LEWIS

38
RICK LEWIS, 18
York, Pa.
"Munch"
Ever since the first photo that I shot, photography has made it easier for me to express my feeling and thoughts. My work is a part of me and the way I think.

49
CORKY LOGGINS, 19
Los Angeles, Calif.
"Untitled #1"
My poem is a special dedication to a person I had just recently met. She was a dreamer, a reader of fairy tales and one who refused to believe in the pin which pops balloons. A beautiful person, but too intent in finding a prince.

15
ANGELA JO MCGILL, 19
Pittsburgh, Pa.
"Looks Nothing Like the Real Thing"
I can't really say what inspired my entry. It was just a momentary inspiration. Which is how I do all of my artwork. Creative expression means painting a horizontal line on a canvas, or painting with your toes; playing Beethoven's 5th with water filled wine glasses or sketching peanuts. I've been in art since high school, and hope to teach it one day to both the physically and mentally handicapped.

CORKY LOGGINS

ANGELA JO MCGILL

8
BRENT MARKLEY, 16
Richwood, O.
"Tami"

I first became interested in photography when I was a freshman in high school. Our science teacher was also the photography teacher, and there was always someone from his photo class drying prints or snapping pictures in his room. I became interested in what they were doing, and bugged the teacher until he let me take and process some prints on my own. Creative expression to me is doing your own thing, and Tami's ever-present smile inspired me to take this picture. I knew it would look as good on paper as it does in real life.

23
PATRICA C. MARKS, 18
Charlotte, N.C.
"A Winter Song"

Writing, especially poetry, means so very much to me. It is one of the most honest ways I can express some of the things that are hidden deep within me. The personal essay I wrote, "A Winter Song," came from some feelings and happenings I had on a weekend youth retreat to Valle Crucis near Boone, N.C.

3
ERIC MEYER, 15
Dallas, Tex.
"Poetic Crisis"

My poem was one of 20 I wrote for an English assignment. I started writing poems for my girl friends and got interested in writing poems. Everybody liked most of them, so I started writing more and more.

4
MIKE MORRISON, 18
Fort Worth, Tex.
"A Singular Existence"

The poems I write have always come to me from both need and from want. I feel poetry is the most beautiful and efficient method in which to collect and share my thoughts and dreams. "A Singular Existence" was needed for a school assignment and was difficult to write. The combination of a soap opera episode on TV, and my own depression gave birth to the idea behind the poem; that loneliness may be just as present within a relationship as without. Still the poem did not take form until I noticed my coffee mug was chipped. After the first line, the rest of the poem fell into place.

11
NANCY MORITA, 19
San Francisco, Calif.
"Telephone Booth, S.F."

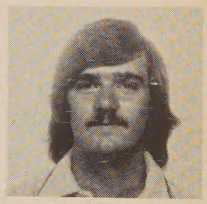
Photography, art, and music have long been creative and "spiritual" outlets for me. Through them I can trace where I've been and where I feel I am headed. I find it especially satisfying when I can reach someone on a heart-to-heart basis through these mediums, which by their nature can transcend ordinary words to reach *inside* where the feeling can be captured.

3
DENISE OSWALT, 16
Palisade, Colo.
Untitled

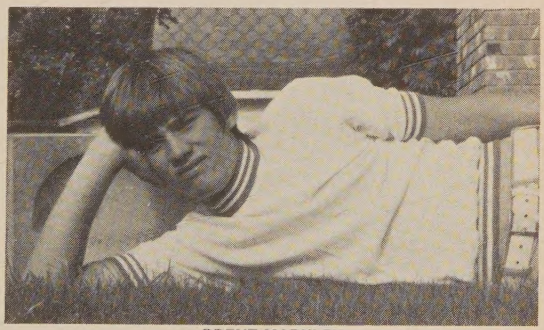
Looking out a window, I see imaginary things. Fiction comes to me very easily, but reality is often much more meaningful.

13
ALAN PERKINS, 15
Richwood, O.
"Go"

Photographic expression, to me, is more than just the production of pleasing images. It is saying, "Here's something I think is interesting, let me show it to you." I think the main requirement for a photograph to be classified as "good" is that it can make the person seeing it feel some emotion. This is the kind of photograph I try to create.



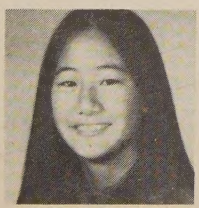
MIKE MORRISON



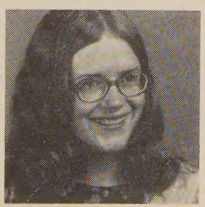
BRENT MARKLEY

PATRICIA C. MARKS

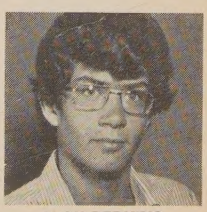
ERIC MEYER



NANCY MORITA



DENISE OSWALT



ALAN PERKINS

26
HEATHER MCRAE PERKINS, 19
Portland, Ore.
"Clarno Bridge"
Modern man has two separate concepts, reality and fantasy. Art is, in these terms, a paradox—here is a product of the artist's internal or "fantasy" world—yet our senses perceive it as a real thing—a sound, a shape, a color, a word. In art, the worlds of reality and fantasy are linked as one, and the artist gives shape to the light within.

22
BECKY PLASSMANN, 14
Los Alamos, N.M.
Untitled
Artwork means a lot to me. It gives me a way to say things that I couldn't say in words. It provides me with a way to dream, because I can make anything happen in a picture. And besides, it's a lot of fun!

33
JULIE POMEROY, 16
Fulton, Mich.
Untitled
When I'm not free to laugh I feel confined. Having fun is a necessary ingredient in anyone's life. My poem not only speaks for me and the way I feel, but for anyone who loves life and all the great things that go with it. I'd like to give a special "thanks" to Kathy.

17
GENEVIEVE ROJAS, 17
Carson, Calif.
"Fast Food Chalet"
Creative writing has always been something that I could do quite well (and it's probably the only thing). I started writing poetry in junior high school, some of which appeared in the school newspaper. I was surprised at all the feedback that I received. I am presently working at a fast food hotdog/hamburger stand called Der Wienerschnitzel and I created this fictitious "Fast Food Chalet" using some of my experiences from there.

50
ELLEN MARGARET ROBERTS, 18
Cleveland Heights, O.
"My Brother"
I remember when I wrote my first poem. It was the last day of school in seventh grade. I found poetry to be a way to push feelings out of my system and make room for new ones. Writing became my way of keeping a diary. My brother (the man, not the poem) plays the banjo in an old-time music band in North Carolina. He moved away from home three years ago to devote himself to his music. I wrote the poem, "My Brother," after seeing him perform at a folk festival recently. The hardest thing about writing this poem was keeping all my sentiments out while still portraying the emotions. It is a poem of realization. Finally I began to understand why he moved away and the pleasure he got from his music.

53
KIOANI SANKEHANGI, 18
Seattle, Wash.
"Grimalkin"
It's been ten years since I began writing poetry, so I am not quite certain what ignited the desire to create in that form. I spent a considerable amount of time alone, which allowed me to formulate numerous thoughts during my younger years. Often, I would rather write than talk, because I can say what I want without a lot of "um's," "uh's," or my hands flapping around like a bird with a broken wing. Writing is an outlet for me; and I plug into it frequently. When I'm angered my pen is my lance; when I'm depressed it is my arms reaching for comfort; when I feel alone it is a bridge to join the chasm, so I can again mingle; when I am lost it is a path away from the maze; when I'm happy it is my wings. "Grimalkin" was inspired by a stray cat my family fed, who became weak and slowly began to die from advanced cases of leukemia and jaundice—but continued to uphold his boundaries and refused to be fondled.

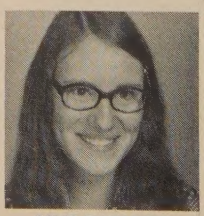
20
KARL SCHULZ, 18
White Plains, N.Y.
"Dusk"
For many years I have been curious about various art media. Recently I tried photography and found it to be a medium which I enjoy because of the many different ways to create a picture. The trick in photography is to compose a picture which makes people ask themselves why they had never seen that before. I also like to play a game with viewers by taking a picture which makes them wonder how the picture was created—a picture with a mystery so that the viewer becomes involved in the picture.

HEATHER MCRAE PERKINS

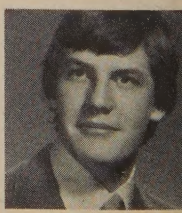
GENEVIEVE ROJAS

KIOANI SANKEHANGI

BECKY PLASSMANN


JULIE POMEROY

ELLEN MARGARET ROBERTS


KARL SCHULZ

39
CHUCK SIMON, 16
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.
"Promises, Promises"
I first became interested in writing through the English courses I have taken in school. Last year was the first time we went into any detail on styling techniques. Though I certainly don't claim to be a great writer, I'm able to take a good deal of satisfaction in reading my own stories. Once I begin writing a story, I become quite involved with the development of the plot. They're usually heavily modified versions of actual experiences of myself or of people I know.

30
JESSE SPEIGHT, 17
Indianapolis, Ind.
"Forgotten Soldier"
I have been greatly interested in art for some nine years. I work mostly in ink and I am constantly trying to improve my style. The greatest aid my instructors have been to me and others is to allow us to work on our own at what relates to us best. Musicians express themselves with their music; an author by his writing. It's the same with an artist. This expressing of one's self is an important release. It helps us understand each other and our inner feelings much better than if we only spoke. I did the "Forgotten Soldier" with the Indians of the old West in mind. In this bicentennial year, they have been almost completely forgotten. I felt that they deserved some recognition.

16
CRAIG STOCKEL, 18
Carpentersville, Ill.
"Sampson the Great"
Photography is an easy way for me to express my thoughts. I really couldn't get the knack of drawing in middle school and I never enrolled in the high school art classes. With encouragement from my parents, I became the photographer for our yearbook when I was a sophomore. I enjoy photography as one of my hobbies and will probably always enjoy it.

37
DAN TANI, 15
Lombard, Ill.
"Running Free"
To me, photography isn't lining people up and taking pictures of them. As a matter of fact, almost all my pictures are candid. I just don't think people look natural staring into the lens with a fake smile. Since photography seems to come naturally to me, it's more of a pleasure and not a duty. But the biggest kick I get is when people see my work and give a little smile of approval. If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't be doing it.

6
JILL M. WALZ, 17
Quincy, Ill.
"When No One Is Looking"
People are much more fascinating to me than landscapes or still lifes and often I catch myself intensely staring at them. My goal is someday to be able to capture those quick flashes of emotion and facial expression that give the portrait its life.

36
LESLIE ANN WEISHAAR, 18
Forked River, N.J.
"Flight 459"
The poem which you have selected is a very personal one. When I finished it, I sat down and wept. I was unable to analyze it critically, but blindly sent if off to you. Writing gives me the courage to say forthright what is hidden in spoken subtleties, and this poem created a new understanding in my family.

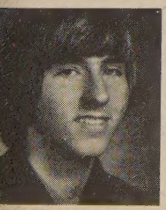
48
DIANE WIGELL, 18
Indianapolis, Ind.
"Flying Sea Horse"
I am very interested in all kinds of artwork. Graphic arts and just sketching appeal to me the most. I carry a sketch pad with me everywhere, sketching the things I see and the things that come out of my imagination.

CHUCK SIMON

CRAIG STOCKEL

JILL M. WALZ

LESLIE ANN WEISHAAR


JESSE SPEIGHT

DAN TANI

DIANE WIGELL

SELF-PORTRAIT
WATERCOLOR AND COLORED PENCIL
JAMES E. HIVELY

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